

Déjà vu all over again

Thickly hung slate gray clouds
Dull
Late November morning sky
Shielding
Delicate, unprotected eyes
From
Harsh, unfiltered rays of sun
Which otherwise
Probe amid stark leafless branches
Most recently
Lush with patterns of constant size, shape and hue
Now carpeting
Ancestors of generations gone by and
Decayed
To a rich brown nutrient filled mixture
Ready
To satisfy the relentless hunger of branches
Busily producing sap to feed
Surging verdant plumage
Essential
To absorb Aprils flowing beams
Now Gathering
Strength to lift veiled lids
Just opening
To warming, gentle blue skies
Traversed by
Billowy wisps of soft white clouds forms